

The Critic

J. L. & J. B. GILDER, EDITORS.

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Concerning Thackeray.

EVER-LIVING AND DEAR CHARLES DICKENS :

It happened to me of late, in a singular and blameless manner, to fall across the celestial mail-bag.* A certain letter addressed to you, among the rest, I read with edification. It seemed to be a stop-gap sort of a letter, a grudging letter, a very half-hearted, forced-humorous, uninspirational, top-loftical, critical letter. Despite the large, balmy compliment at the close, I don't think you liked that letter. Let me drop your own esteemed accent to say in plain English that the letter was written by a Dead Author in London, a scholar and a maker of charming verses entirely beyond the social circle of the Ivy Green. And lest you should take the communications there given as typical of the mundane mind in your regard, their strictures and comments as truly authentic, I venture to send a corrective after them.

My good fellow, you have been away sixteen years. You had the wondrous good fortune to receive your full appreciation while you were among us. It is scarcely reasonable that you should covet, as a ghost, that which was the portion of a high-spirited dandy in the flesh. Yet, I assure you, you need apprehend nothing from the lapse of time. It still appears a duty to the average mind to read you from 'the first ray of light' of Pickwick to the mediumistic Amen of Edwin Drood. Ay, there's the rub. The common people—of whom our Lincoln said that God must needs have loved them, since He made so many—are your court and kingdom. If there be any one law of literature worth remembering, it is that whatsoever goes home to the brain of the unspiritual populace, not as its own image in a mirror (in the Howells-Jacobian sense), but as a persuasive and inspiring force, is the real right and the real beauty. But because of your happy ease in attaining this excellence, for which many philosophers strive vainly, certain Gentilities take it to be bad form to love you too well, or relish you too lustily. They must have books 'caviare to the general,' novels void of raggedness, and churchyard odors, and thieves, and hunchbacks,—and overmuch humanity. And in their search for a rival god, who should be set up but your contemporary and friend, William Makepeace Thackeray, the fine-hearted and generous annalist of the Newcomes—who himself, with all his Hebraism (current slang fathered by the one and only Matthew Arnold), following your Banshee-like wailing over little Paul Dombey, cried out with desperation that there was 'no writing against you!' Allow me to re-introduce you, gentlemen, Anno Domini 1886. Mr. Thackeray, adjust your spectacles, and recognize in the person before you him whom the Dead Author, likewise your correspondent, dispraises neatly and covertly in your proper missive by the last post. This is one Charles John Huffam Dickens, commonly curtailed—a loud, vulgar, effusive public nuisance to the tune of some twenty volumes. Mr. Dickens, I beg to make you known to W. M. Thackeray, Esq., with several

ticklish aliases, sage, critic, poet and narrator; a superior being fondly missed among worldlings, from whom they had never a sentiment too much, nor a digression too little.

It has come to that! Oddly enough,—as your Dead Author says in the letter whose depressing effect I endeavor to blunt,—you are named, associated, and discussed out of all patience, in perpetual conjunction. The usual end of such comparison, with the Gentilities aforesaid, is to transfer stones from your wall, to build the opposition cairn higher. Thackeray,—give him no inkling of it,—has attained to a cult. Snobs chant him rapturously, who would have withered under his sublunar eye. Sewing-circles meet over your illustrious bones, to decide that you describe at tedious length, and that you are shockingly loquacious on the subject of meat and drink! But I do not know that your sworn partisans depreciate the 'sweet cynic,' save to hint that he drops too many threads in the fabric of his story. Your own sure and bright-colored woof has never been suspected of 'high art.'

A rising gentleman, usually called Young MacCarthy, in distinction from his celebrated father, has of late written a burlesque novel in which there is mimicry of some of the vanished voices. It is hard to say which is funnier, as he strikes them off to the life, your jerkiness, tremolo, and gush, or Thackeray's sudden, rooster-like halt, *stans pede in uno*, to moralize on the barnyard, and inferentially, on creation in general.

If you were wont to exaggerate, your friend was wont to dissimulate. (The antithetical fever is upon me.) One is as far as the other from honesty and honorableness such as George Eliot's. If I snap my fingers at the apparent wax-puppetiness of your Wegg-Single-Noggs-Gamp-Quilp combination, surely I may complain that the so-called noble Ethel is somehow unbearably behind the nobleness that might have been justly expected of her. You were never, as Leigh Hunt was (my affectionate remembrance to him!) 'ashamed of sighing'; indeed, you gloried in it, and carried a handkerchief on your crest; while Mr. Thackeray carried a lump in his throat, and spectators were none the wiser. I know well enough which seems to me the godlier habit of mind; but the prejudice in favor of repression infests our modern air. On open moral grounds, one is relatively as near as the other to truth of behavior. Besides, if it be the aim of a novelist, by differing means, occasionally to emulate the onion, your sole ever-beautiful parting phrase at the death of the sunshiny Richard of Bleak House, is pathos more direct, brief and masterly than any two lines of the Self-Controlled, and better calculated to draw tears from the non-professional weeper. Your pathos, by the by, spells himself with the aid of a *δ*. Strange that the Dead Author, among the others, foregoes the mention of your tide-mark of manly feeling in the Tale of Two Cities, whose hero is brother, a peerless brother, to Henry Esmond, and set, jewel-like, in as glorious a background of history!

Well, sir, do not worry; and be wary in future of documents from latter-day London; for I presume your vanity has been shaken already by long absence from the footlights and the cheers. But your body-guard here below, or, better, your spirit-guard, is strong and generative. Common sense, joy in life and action, homely humor, righteous indignation, freedom of opinion, are yours and of you. You were the creator of immortal types: Micawber and Eugene Wrayburn,—idyllic rascal!—and Lady Dedlock and Sidney Carton. You wrought civic reforms in the bravest and most availing way, and threw up book after book as breast-work for the poor and the oppressed. We have to thank you for pages apple-sweet and wholesome, for influences always beneficent, and for memories of unquenchable delight; you were tightening your 'swift, live pen' to the last upon a smooth, cogent, mellowing style quite your own; and you have the crowning blessedness, which in part Alphonse Daudet has inherited, of knowing your genius to be a generalizer and a cosmopolitan.

* Lang's 'Letters to Dead Authors.'

The best things any mortal hath
Are those that every mortal shares.

To Thackeray my most cordial salutation ; and the like, in degree, to all whom you love and who love you, in the transplanted Republic of Letters. The world jogs along steadily, turning in upon us the glowing, hyacinthine, unbought spring, and few regrets with it so sincere as that of missing you from the dwindled ranks. When may we expect you back from the Far Country? Yours, until then, dear Dickens,

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

BOSTON, May 25th, 1886.

Reviews

An Indian Philologist.*

SEQUOYAH, a Cherokee half-breed, who is perhaps better known by his English name of George Guess, was the inventor of the syllabic characters in which the language of his people is now written. He was born in the year 1770, in the former abode of the Cherokee nation, among the mountains of northern Georgia. His father, George Gist, was a peddler, of German descent, and, it would seem, of indifferent reputation. This personage wandered off from his native village of New Ebenezer into the Cherokee mountains, where he took to himself for a consort an intelligent and industrious Indian girl, of good character and family. In a few months he wearied of this connection, and deserted his dusky helpmate, to whom he never returned. Their child, born after his flight, inherited his name, which was corrupted by the English colonists into George Guess, and translated by the Indians into Sequoyah, meaning 'He guessed it,'—a name which proved in the end to be singularly appropriate. The boy evidently drew more from his Teutonic ancestry than his name. In countenance and character he had much of the German, and little of the Indian. As his portrait shows, his features were almost purely European. When he grew up, he became, like his father, a travelling trader, and displayed, at the same time, a remarkable mechanical talent. The silver dollars which he obtained from the whites for his peltries and other Indian wares were converted by him into the rings, coronets, breastplates and other ornaments with which his mother's people, in their artless æstheticism, loved to adorn their persons. He would have become wealthy but for his addiction to drink—a taste which he may also have owed to his paternal origin. He had sunk at one time almost to the level of a common drunkard. From this condition, fortunately, he was able to rescue himself by an extraordinary effort of that persistent resolution which formed a part of his character, and was due perhaps to his Indian blood. He became a sober and thoughtful man, noted among his people for his shrewdness, and often consulted in difficult cases.

The mode in which the white men conveyed their thoughts in writing had been a subject of much speculation among the Indians. Sequoyah took part in the discussions, and determined to solve the problem. His first notion was that every word should be represented by a distinct character, as in Chinese. He soon discovered, however, that this method was wholly unsuited to his complicated language, with its abounding inflections. An English spelling-book fell into his hands, and gave him, as he thought, a key to the riddle. By a careful analysis, which was really a wonderful effort of untrained genius, he discovered that eighty-five characters would represent all the syllables comprised in the Cherokee speech. These characters he formed in imitation of the English letters in the spelling-book, with variations and additions of his own. In a few hours a quick-witted Cherokee could learn all the characters. A few days would

suffice for the dullest. Sequoyah's countrymen have always been classed among the most intelligent of the Indian tribes. After a brief season of incredulity, they caught the value of the new alphabet, and studied it with delight. Soon almost every grown person in the nation was a reader. The inventor became famous, not only among his own people, but among the whites. His reputation spread widely, and when he visited Washington, as a member of a Cherokee delegation, he was received with much distinction. Congress gave him five hundred dollars in appreciation of the benefit he had bestowed upon his people; and at a later day the Cherokee Council voted him a pension of three hundred dollars a year. Sequoyah was a man of sixty when the forced emigration of his people to the Indian Territory took place. After a time he followed them to their new abode. But the change left him unsettled. Much pondering on subjects beyond the ken of his untaught mind—the origin of the Indians, the diversity of their languages, and other like questions—led at last to a singular enterprise. He was persuaded that another branch of his nation dwelt somewhere in the far west, and he determined to find it. He set out in an ox-cart, with a Cherokee boy for his companion, and travelled for two years over the plains and through the mountains, visiting the various Indian tribes, and inquiring for his lost people. His fame as a great teacher everywhere went before him, and ensured him safety and an honorable reception. He reached at last the villages of the Pueblo Indians in northern Mexico, and rested awhile among their half-civilized inhabitants. Then he attempted to pursue his journey, but a fever seized his frame, weakened by years of wandering and hardship. He died in 1842, near San Bernardino, at the age of seventy-two.

Sequoyah can hardly be deemed a fair specimen of the Indian character, as it is evident that his European parentage determined to a large extent his qualities and temperament. To term him the American Cadmus implies a comparison unjust to him. Cadmus merely applied to the Greek language the alphabetic characters which the Phœnicians had borrowed from the Egyptians. This proceeding required a much humbler exertion of intellect than the analysis of a complex language, like the Cherokee, into its component syllables. But while Sequoyah's work, as a mental effort, can hardly be too highly estimated, its usefulness has been greatly overrated. In fact, his invention was actually a misfortune for his people, simply because it was incomplete. His analysis was imperfect, and lingered in the semi-barbarous stage. While the Cherokee is highly complex in grammar, its phonology is very simple. Instead of eighty-five syllabic characters, it could be better written with only twenty letters. The missionaries were just preparing to introduce a simple alphabet of this nature among the Cherokees when Sequoyah's invention and the national enthusiasm which it aroused put a stop to their work. Some have suggested that the syllabic method is easier to learn and to teach than the alphabetic. Granting this, it should be remembered that the alphabetical method can be taught syllabically. Sequoyah employed our English *W* to denote the syllable *la*, and our English *M* to denote the syllable *lu*. It is clear that *la* and *lu* could be taught and learned as syllables just as readily as *W* and *M*; and the learner would have the advantage of perceiving the identity of the initial sound, and of learning to discriminate the vowels, so as to be prepared to recognize both consonant and vowels in other combinations. The Choctaw and the Dakota and many other Indian languages are written in the English missionary alphabet, and are learned as readily as the Cherokee. Their readers are not, like the Cherokees, cut off by their peculiar graphic system from all other nations, as an intelligent missionary, at the time of Sequoyah's invention, warned his people they would be if they adopted it. Many among the Cherokees themselves, it is now stated, have come to see this, and are eager for the adoption, not merely of the English alphabet, but of the

* *Sequo-yah, the American Cadmus and Modern Moses*. By Geo. E. Foster, Editor of the *Milford (N. H.) Enterprise*. Illustrated by Miss S. C. Robbins. Philadelphia: Office of the Indian Rights Association.

English language. This will doubtless be the result, and probably at no distant time; for it appears, by the enumeration of 1882, that of the twenty thousand Cherokees, no less than sixteen thousand could speak English. In another generation this language is likely to be in general use, and Sequoyah's alphabet will become a mere linguistic curiosity.

The man himself will remain none the less an object of admiration, and will deserve a better record. Mr. Foster's industrious research and his humane sympathy with the much injured Indians merit great commendation. It is the more to be regretted that his work should be marred by an unfortunate lack of literary skill and scientific discernment. He does not understand that as Sequoyah's main title to distinction arose from his syllabic alphabet, this and the language to which it is applied should have been minutely analyzed and carefully described. The few imperfect notices which are copied from the accounts of other writers are wholly inadequate for this purpose. What would be thought of a life of Watt which did not accurately describe the steam-engine, or a life of Whitney which gave no proper account of his cotton-gin? If, in spite of this serious defect and of a slipshod style and confused arrangement, Mr. Foster's book retains a decided value, it is for the commendable spirit in which he writes, and for the interest of the facts, which some future biographer will be able to turn to good account.

H. H.'s "Glimpses of Three Coasts."*

How far afield would the modern literary world have to go for its amusement, were the dictum of spiteful Euripides true: 'The best thing a woman can do is to—stay at home!' Incarcerated in the eternal *gynækeium* with the children and their *paidagogoi*—prisoners of hope—peeping between the bars, impatient, undeveloped, pampered anatomies, without part or lot in the surging life around, swathed in Oriental swaddling-bands of mystery and ignorance—what a seed-bed of revolutionary *pétroleuses* and fish-women and knitters under the guillotine! Red cheeks transforming themselves into red eager fingers and animal claws; red blood changing to red fire and scintillating fever; red lips with a vampire-suck: an 'awful rose of dawn,' indeed, when all this pent-up femininity, tired of its *gynækeium* and its Oriental swaddling-bands, breaks forth! Happily for us, modern arrangements have averted this revolutionary violence: the germs of emancipation already lay in Aspasia's salons; and as these developed from stage to stage, through the witty license of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and its kindred, women grew in grace and intellect, until now no blacker eclipse could slip over the 'sun of our souls' than for a specific genus of stay-at-home women, à la Euripides, to develop, and, in consequence, deprive us of the feminine touch as it handles topics of travel, applies its sensitive *papilla* to matters of art and poetry, or speaks to us through the lips of Beatrice, Corinne or H. H.

In reading these 'Glimpses of Three Coasts,' one cannot but be amazed at the strength and fertility that were in the woman who wrote them—a woman waiting almost to her autumn before she began to write, and then bursting forth in a sudden blaze of golden-rod and starry daisies! As in Emerson's case, the gathered dews and essences of H. H.'s nature slumbered far beyond thirty before they shot up into the upper air in the shape of field-flowers innumerable, ell-long poppies with a glory in their hair, mystical lilies, and sudden violet. But then what an efflorescence! Poem, romance, history, travels, children's books, didactic talk: all so original and fine that, quick and spontaneous as they were, they all seemed the slow-ripened fruit of many meditations. In this her last book all these varied sides and styles of literature are exemplified. Her travel-sense, most keenly developed of her senses, is in the ascendant, to be sure; but 'Glimpses of Three Coasts' is full of poetry,

romance and history, its didactic bits are admirable for good sense and good humor, and a child could understand its brilliant persiflage. Of the three groups of studies into which the book is divided (I. 'Californina and Oregon'; II. 'Scotland and England'; III. 'Norway, Denmark and Germany'), we—who have followed close in her footsteps both in the flesh and in the spirit—like the Norwegian best. Wonderfully vivid are these 'glimpses,' or rather visions: the black Norwegian mountains, peppered with red-tiled villages like lurid ant-hills in the clefts and crannies, the frowning fjelds, with the blaze of green where the mists dissolve and let you peep through; the great yawning fjords, with their shimmer of dull silver as they eat far into the mountains; the coast ruptured and riven into a thousand islands, like the coast of Maine embroidered with a fringe of St. Lawrence River; the grave yet glad life of the serious Norwegians, and all their little industries and economies, superstitions and legendary lore.

'Oberammergau' and 'The Passion Play' charmed the readers of *The Century* when they came out some years ago; and so did 'Chester Streets,' 'Echoes from the City of the Angels,' and 'A Burns Pilgrimage.' The Californian and other sketches lack the delightful illustrations of the magazine form in which they originally appeared; but H. H.'s sketches are pictures themselves and do not need pictures to illustrate them. The 'Kathrina-Saga' is the most delicious shred of humorous-picturesque Norwegian writing we remember: telling of Kathrina the guide, with her English learned in the Bowery and at Castle Garden, translating Frithiof's saga to H. H. and guiding her through saga-haunted waters. Such a spirit of sparkling humor, with its criss-cross of imagination and landscapal streaks, is enough to make even old Euripides turn over in his grave and repent him of his misogyny. It is the *pièce justificative* of the emancipated woman.

"The Wind of Destiny."*

AN author may well be content whose first novel has inspired for his second the feeling with which the reader takes up 'The Wind of Destiny,' by the author of 'But yet a Woman.' It is a feeling less of interest than of affection; it is less the impulse which draws a new book first from the pile of recent novels, than the instinct which saves it for the last. It is a pleasurable glow less akin to the careless anticipation of a new favorite, than to that with which we take down an old one: such an old one as Arthur Helps's 'Friends in Council,' or the 'Essays of Elia.' We do not expect 'a capital story'; we expect hardly any story at all; we do not expect to be thrilled with love and admiration for any one character, or for a set of characters; we remember distinctly that 'But yet a Woman' seemed almost a monologue, without much definiteness of personality in the *dramatis personæ*. But we do expect to be deeply, thoughtfully moved; to find a store of pregnant epigrams; and to value the book as something to be cherished as well as read. To this must be added in anticipation the fact that the author has chosen for his theme one of the profoundest problems of life—that of fate, circumstance, free-will. The story of the book is its slightest feature. There is so little constructive art in the way the author gets together his material for his problems, that one wishes more strongly than before that Prof. Hardy would discard all attempts at novel-writing, and give us his philosophy, his maxims, his epigrams, his suggestive impulses, either in deliberate essays or in dialogues, like the 'Friends in Council.' The device of securing a lady to be loved instead of poor Gladys is so clumsy, that the reader laughs at it. The episode of an absurd 'affair' with which the story opens has nothing at all to do either with the rest of the story or with the problem. We fail to feel the slightest interest in the characters. We do

* Glimpses of Three Coasts. By Helen Jackson (H. H.). \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

* The Wind of Destiny. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

not care in the least for that part of the book which is supposed to make it a novel.

But how about the problem? It is here that the impressiveness of Prof. Hardy's work is felt. His paragraphs are as heavily weighted with thoughts as with thought; as suggestive of new ideas in your own mind as prodigal with fresh ideas in the author's mind; full of that literary flavor which is something more than style and something better than mere rhetoric and rounded periods. Such reviews of the book as we had seen before reading it, spoke of it invariably as illustrating its title of *Destiny*. What had Schonberg done to forfeit the love of Noël? Nothing. What had Elize done to deserve being so happy? Nothing. What had Seraphine done to deserve being so wretched? Nothing. What had Rowan done to be the victim of Gladys's love? Nothing. All of them were puppets, moved only by *Destiny*, irrespective of their own virtue or vice, their own free-will. If this were indeed all, it would be hard to forgive the author. No one has any right to a creed which is despair. Even into the Greeks' relentless belief in Fate had crept some such sense of free-will as we hear in the exclamation of Alceste: 'I die, it being in my power not to die.' It is a little hard, indeed, to get at the author's own feeling in the matter; and the tone of the book is at times so melancholy as to justify the suspicion that he believes in the hopelessness of destiny. But it is probably only as uttered on the closing page in the exclamation of the dying Schonberg: 'Do you know what effect all this produces upon me? To create a faith so necessary in a Being so transcendent, that the inventions of men become puerilities.'

Reading between the lines, however, we think we find a profound and powerful lesson; if the author did not consciously put it there, he has builded better than he knew. Other novelists and essayists, fascinated with the subject of free-will and destiny, have chosen to consider them only as affecting the individual struggle. George Eliot, in 'Tito Melema,' meant to illustrate that saying of Novalis that 'Character is Destiny;' and to enforce the lesson that the great events and decisions of our lives are decided by that inexorable law of human souls by which we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds in terrible crises by the daily reiterated choice of good or evil which gradually determines character. That the fatal result could not have been avoided was the essence of tragedy to the Greek; that it might, on the contrary, have been so easily avoided is the essence of tragedy to the modern. But Prof. Hardy goes a step farther: he shows not only how your own reiterated choice of good or evil will determine your own destiny, but how it will ripple out in almost unending waves of influence over the perfectly innocent and helpless lives of others. Seraphine, Rowan and Jack Temple were ruined, not by destiny, but by the ungoverned caprice of Gladys Temple's undisciplined heart. This, as we read it, is the lesson of Prof. Hardy's novel: not the despairing cry, 'Struggle not, for your soul is helpless in the wind of destiny;' nor even, 'Despair not, for God exists and will help you by-and-by;' but this:—'Remember that what in your own hands is free-will may become blind, omnipotent destiny in the lives of others. You may decide what shall be the circumstances in a given case; but from those circumstances may come results against whose blind tyranny the helpless wings of innocent victims to your free-will shall beat in vain.' The book, therefore, contains not merely a small library of thoughtful, eloquent, deeply enjoyable epigrams, but a profound lesson. Its melancholy is not of the kind to darken, but of the kind to give light.

A Word on Some Word-Books.*

WOULD that the hapless critic when he comes to review books on words could think himself possessed of that 'glow-

worm lamp' of which Wordsworth speaks in his Sonnet on the Sonnet—

It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faeryland
To struggle through dark ways.

The key that 'unlocked Shakspeare's heart,' the lute that 'gave ease to Petrarch's wound,' not being in his possession, he must content himself with an ordinary steel pen, and a swift, summarizing glance, and—mayhap—a 'hail, morituri!' The press teems with books on this teeming subject—words, words, words; and one cannot give a very long audience to any of the new comers. Like a presentation at court, it is touch-and-go, flash-and-away, and the audience, so carefully prepared for, so palpitantly anticipated, is over.

Mr. Garlanda's 'Philosophy of Words' (1) is a popular introduction to the science of language, garnished with lavish quotations from Schelling, Leibnitz, Max Müller, Sayce, G. P. Marsh and Georg Curtius. Its aim is to explain, as plainly as possible, some of the more important results of the science of language. It fulfils this aim intelligently, and will be found a useful compend of recent research on this much-discussed topic. The trained student will find little or nothing in it that he did not know before; the untrained will be stimulated to further researches by its pleasant pages. We heartily endorse the author's statement (page 271) that no really intelligent knowledge of English is to be had without an acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon and Latin—and, we may add, with German and with Norman French. There is a slight foreign accent about the book, due to the author's Italian nationality; but it is written, on the whole, in commendably good English. 'A Summary of English Grammar' (2) is an English publication well adapted to its purpose of presenting the essentials of English grammar and accidence. It is not destitute of errors and overstatements; as when, for example (page 28), it says that *a* is a 'contraction' of *an* (!), and that 'one another' is 'inadmissible' when only two persons are spoken of (page 43); and repeats the groundless statement that 'either' in 'on either bank' is 'improperly' used for 'both.' If this is an impropriety it is one of extreme antiquity (like Noah's slip), and runs through the entire Anglo-Saxon period of the language, through Chaucer and Shakspeare, and through our Bible—admittedly the purest—English. Mr. Bent's 'Hints on Language' (3) is a little volume, dedicated to sight-reading and writing in primary and intermediate schools, from the pen of an alert New England superintendent of public schools. The suggestions are a trifle too crowded; one can't see the woods for the trees; but they are helpful and practical. The *microbes* of an infant school on their genial circumnavigation of the kindergarten will find this more than a 'glow-worm lamp:' they will perhaps even find it a 'key' to many of their infantile difficulties.

Religious Aspects of Science.*

BISHOP TEMPLE'S attitude toward scientific problems is fair-minded and even generous. In its large view and firm grasp, his book (1) comes near to being a great treatise, and is certainly full of strength and suggestion. He not only does scrupulous justice to scientific methods and results, denies conflict with religion, and finds the unity of things 'in the physical and spiritual united,' but also shows, with much sympathy and insight, how this is proved, at several critical points, such as the questions of free-will, revelation, evolution and miracles. Particular attention may be called to the fundamental discussions of the origin and nature of scientific and of religious belief, and to the concluding lecture—especially its presentation of the spiritual conditions of spiritual knowledge. Perhaps the least satisfactory lecture is that on miracles, where the author does not speak quite

* 1. The Philosophy of Words. By F. Garlanda. New York: Garlanda & Co.
2. A Summary of English Grammar. London: Rivington. 3. Hints on Language.
By S. A. Bent. 50 cts. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

* 1. The Relations between Religion and Science. (Bampton Lectures for 1884.)
By the Right Rev. Frederick, Lord Bishop of Exeter. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan
& Co. 2. Theism and Evolution. By Joseph S. Van Dyke, D.D. New York: A.
C. Armstrong & Son. 3. Darwinism and Other Essays. By John Fiske. New
Edition, Revised and Enlarged. \$2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

clearly as to the relation between physical and spiritual law, and, while expressly recognizing the New Testament miracles as a *part* of revelation, quite fails to make adequate use of this fruitful conception. Dr. Van Dyke's subject is narrower than Bishop Temple's, but his book is twice as thick (2). This is due partly to its greater detail, and partly to its more exuberant rhetoric. There are frequent suggestions of the Boston Monday Lectureship in its method and style. For the author's purpose, a little less physiology would have been quite sufficient, but diffuseness and 'eloquence' are perhaps, after all, its most serious faults. It is cheerful and good-tempered, and if its movement is at times slow, it generally brings the reader to wise conclusions. Dr. Van Dyke patronizes the scientific men rather too much, but denies any real opposition between their studies and his own, and is quite frank and fearless. Dr. A. A. Hodge, of Princeton, who writes an introduction to the book, seems a little more distant, and apprehensive, if not timid.

Mr. Fiske's book (3) is not out of place here, although the 'other essays' are somewhat miscellaneous; for he exhibits a profound interest in the religious bearings of scientific discussion. His terms are different from those of orthodox apologists, but his conclusions resemble in important respects those of Dr. Temple and others of like mind. There are, in these papers, strong expressions, involving and anticipating views which the Spencerian theist and theistic Spencerian has developed in his book on 'The Idea of God' (see THE CRITIC for March 13th). Other topics, philosophical, historical, educational, are represented in the essays, whose number has grown, in this new edition, from twelve to fifteen. The volume is still dedicated to Thomas Huxley, with a special prefatory note addressed to him. This reminds us, among other things, that the article on 'Mr. Buckle's Fallacies,' here reprinted, was the first writing of Mr. Fiske's to appear in print. Nearly all the papers are in the critical form, which gives them body and the opportunity for keen thrusts—of which not only Buckle, but Mivart, Bateman, Büchner and Harrison receive their full share.

Recent Fiction.

'MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES,' by Emma E. Hornibrook (Cassell's Rainbow Series), is a commonplace little story, that will hardly interest any but those who read everything.—'EDITH DAYTON,' by J. Gordon Bartlett (Brentano), is an extremely flat sensational story, whose literary quality may be inferred from the single sentence, 'She looked like a Sleeping Beauty might have done.' It is hard to say which is worst in the book: the plot, the tone, the style, or the grammar; but perhaps we may say the grammar.—'HASCHISCH,' by Thorold King (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is a poor sensational story, dealing not with the demoralizing effects of hashisch as an indulgence, but with the possibility of extracting confessions from suspected people by administering it. As the law will not convict from confession alone, the practical value of the suggestion is not great; and the story is not good enough to warrant the novel plot.—'THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HAT,' by C. R. Parsons (Phillips & Hunt), is a religious story, of what the author calls 'an unknown mission.' The incidents are probably founded upon fact. The book is intended to dwell on the necessity for the mental change known as 'conversion' in religious belief; but it is evident that the unknown missionary labored also for practical results in right conduct, and the story may thus be helpful in encouraging other missionaries.—'WITNESS MY HAND,' in Cassell's Rainbow Series, is a long story, foolishly elaborated from a very slight plot not at all worthy the care expended on it. Almost the whole book is a preparation for something tremendous; but when the shock comes, the crisis is so weak, so impossible, so absurd, that the reader only laughs, though inclined to give the author a momentary tribute for having been able to keep up the suspense pretty well for a *finale* that is only a *ridiculus mus*.

'DOOM,' by J. H. McCarthy (Harper's Handy Series), is a short story on the hackneyed episode of a nihilist murdered for desertion of the cause. It is well written and interesting, though not at all novel in design or execution.—'WITH THE KING AT OXFORD,' by the Rev. Alfredd J. Church, M.A. (Harper's Handy Series), is

a story of the days of Charles I., but it really contributes something new to the abundant literature devoted to that time. In being 'for the King,' and in passing at Oxford, the story is rather novel and interesting.—'SEA-LIFE SIXTY YEARS AGO,' by Capt. George Bayly (Harper's Handy Series), is not a very valuable addition to nautical literature. It purports to be 'a record of adventures which led up to the discovery of the relics of the long-missing expedition commanded by the Comte de la Perouse'; but this sounding title is reduced to bombast by the extremely small part played in the drama by the Perouse episode.—'MAJOR FRANK,' translated by James Akeroyd from the Dutch of A. L. G. Bosboom-Toussaint (Franklin Square Library), is a quite unique and rather entertaining little story of a girl brought up as a boy, and known at the garrison where her father is stationed as Major Frank, being in reality Miss Francis Mordaunt. She is somewhat of a hoyden, but of course eventually proves herself a very woman after all.—'THE MYSTERY OF ALLAN GRALE,' by Isabella Fyvie Mayo (Franklin Square Library), certainly contains mystery enough to deserve its name, with a Black Pool, lost diamond crosses and sons, a woman in a yellow cloak who haunts the roadside and mutters 'Beware!' at critical moments, forgeries, secret marriages, etc. But the story is much better than might be expected from these ingredients; and the *blasé* reader of sensationalism finds himself interested in spite of himself in certain ingenious complications.

'THE MAGIC OF A VOICE,' by Margaret R. Macfarlane (Cassell), is a charming story of German life, resembling those chosen by Mrs. Wister for translation, in its bright or pathetic episodes and its clear representation of German customs and modes of thought. The author is, we understand, an American who has spent some time in Germany, and her knowledge of both countries has enabled her with more skill to seize and present the salient points of difference which make the book such a vivid picture of life in northern Germany.—'STORIES AND ROMANCES,' by Horace E. Scudder (Riverside Paper Series), is a collection of carefully written little tales, in which, though the work is perhaps over-elaborate, to be of the kind known as 'popular,' there is a subtle, intellectual flavor that will be appreciated by the readers whom the author would probably care most to please. There is an old-time grace and refinement in the careful elaboration of each story, which contains always a theme as well as incidents and characters; and the book is one to please permanently, and more the more one reads it.—'NO SAINT,' by Adeline Sergeant (Holt's Leisure Hour Series), is a well-written and interesting story of a man not so black as he was painted by the authorities who put him in prison for accidental murder, and yet in his own consciousness, and to the mind of the reader, not exactly a saint. The bitter suffering one is compelled to endure in trying to live down deserved or undeserved reputation for evil is strongly presented, and some of the incidents are as effective as they are original. The little girl timidly trying to comfort Paul with the assurance that she 'likes bad people,' is a pretty creation; and the incident of killing the favorite dog is as touching as a similar incident used by Tourguéneff.—'THE PEOPLE WITH WHOM ONE IS CALLED UPON TO ASSOCIATE IN MR. EDWARD FULLER'S 'FELLOW-TRAVELERS' (Cupples, Upham & Co.) are so different from those with whom we like to associate in real life, that it is a little hard to understand why the author should suppose we could be interested in them. They go against the grain, not so much because they are hardened villains, as because they belong to the extremely unpleasant class. Even the members of Salem 'aristocracy,' introduced occasionally, exhibit a singular lack of good manners, while the heroine is an ill-bred girl of the lower classes, whom one neither pities nor loves. As none of these unpleasant characters seem intended to point a moral, but merely to make a tale, we can hardly feel that the author has met with success.

WILLIAM JUSTIN HARSHA, the author of 'A Timid Brave' (Funk & Wagnalls), has made a very interesting little story, not so much by dint of literary talent (though he is not deficient in that respect) as by the combined force of clear knowledge and strong sympathies. He is thoroughly familiar with the incidents of that singular phase of Western life which has been evolved, of late years, on the Indian reservations—where thievish agents, oppressed and exasperated redskins, lawless settlers and licentious soldiers too often combine to create a small pandemonium. Mr. Harsha is of opinion that all the troubles arise from the preposterous and shameful provision of our laws which refuses to the Indian the right of coming into a court of law to demand justice. The red man, if wronged, must either endure the injury, or right himself by force. The story is well devised to bring out the

points which the author desires to impress on his readers, and is much more satisfactory than fictions with a moral usually are. The descriptions of scenes and characters have the vividness of photographs. The book will make an admirable pendant to Mrs. Jackson's 'Century of Dishonor.'

ROBERTS BROS. publish an interesting historical story, the scene of which is laid in that romantic Acadia which was tossed like a ball, five times in one century, between England and France, and which was distraught with civil and religious dissensions even between factions of the same country. 'Constance of Acadia' deals with the latter situation, and is a wonderfully vivid and stirring presentation of the struggles for supremacy in the little American colony in the Seventeenth Century between the cunning Jesuits and the zealous Huguenots. Love, treachery, stratagem and sensational horrors are wrought very ingeniously into a thrilling story with an historical background; and through all the figure of Constance, beautiful and heroic, stands out in exquisite relief. Compared with the ordinary heroine of fiction, she seems almost like a beautiful statue; but it is a statue like that of Galatea on the stage—as calm, as beautiful as a statue, and yet thrilling with vitality. Perhaps this is the secret of the strange power of the story: the skill with which events not unfrequently awful in their intensity are given with an almost supernatural calmness on the part of the author. Nothing could seem colder than the story, yet few stories chronicle such burning incidents and such force of mental and moral conflict. The book is one to read carefully, and more than once.

'FACE TO FACE' (Charles Scribner's Sons) opens with an amusing *mise en scène*: a young English girl on shipboard taking it into her flighty head to try and pass herself off as the typical slangy American girl before an eloquent young gentleman whom she believes to be an English lord, but who is in reality a rich American. Half the book is taken up with this rather entertaining mutual misunderstanding; but the socialistic element which we may expect to make part of every novel now for some time to come, develops towards the close, and it is Capital and Labor, not the lovers, that finally come 'Face to Face.' This part of the story bids fair to be suggestive and interesting, especially when the young lady philanthropist finds herself in pecuniary embarrassment, both for herself and her employees, from her efforts to pay high wages; but the difficulty is tided over by sentiment and romance, and the practical value of the novel is therefore not very great. Romance carries the day, and the book after all is a story, not a study. But it is quite a good story.—THE variety of plot in the sensational novels which are the favorites of the moment shows at least a good deal of ingenuity, even if it cannot be dignified as the work of imagination. Andrew Lang, in 'The Mark of Cain' (Charles Scribner's Sons), has found an inspiration in tattooing, and has created a plot which is certainly interesting, though it may not be remarkably fine. The story is not a work of art, but it is entertaining.

'IN A GRASS COUNTRY,' by Mrs. Cameron (Lippincott), is an uncommonly good story of love and sport. It is first of all entertaining, though the problem of sin and expiation is touched here and there with considerable skill. There is little one can recall as particularly novel in plot or treatment of the English society story; and yet there is not a dull line in the whole, nor a paragraph to be skipped. The scene is laid in a hunting country, and the sport is vivid and stirring; but the best of the book is in the picture of the Latimers, the 'plucky' sister and three devoted brothers, whose pranks and sorrows and love for each other through everything make up a story never lacking in interest. The book is full of merriment, but of merriment mixed with trouble not unfrequently tragic, and it gives unobtrusively an excellent moral in showing not merely the fun, but the heroic quality, of much that seems mere merriment.—'MARION'S FAITH,' by Capt. Charles King, U. S. A. (Lippincott), is an entertaining story of army life on the frontier, and is a great improvement on 'The Colonel's Daughter,' to which it is a sequel. The sentimental title is rather poor, and that part of the story which carries out the title is rather weak also, as a mixture of old-fashioned plot, misunderstandings, and foolish scenes; but the military part of the book is full of spirit, whether dealing with the fun, frolic, scandals and tragedies of garrison life, or with actual battles in the trying Indian campaigns. There is a vivid account of Custer's terrible defeat, and the whole tone of the book, except when the author remembers too conscientiously that he is trying to write a novel, is stirring and effectively interesting.

"Leonainie" in Italy.

The *American Register*, of Paris, printed a long letter from Naples on the 5th of June. A brief opening paragraph contained a report of the Italian elections; a second was devoted to the irruption of Etna; while the rest of the letter was given up to the discussion of a subject of infinitely greater moment to France and Italy than either of these two—no less a theme, indeed, than the publication in THE CRITIC of the poem 'Leonainie,' which a New England correspondent of ours ingenuously attributed to Poe. The *Register's* correspondent signs himself F. He says:

Last week I saw a long article in one of our Italian papers, with a serious description of a discovery under peculiar circumstances of a new poem of Edgar A. Poe—and then followed a literal translation of 'Leonainie' into the language of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Alfieri, and Leopardi. The Italian journal translates the history of the happy discovery of this hitherto unpublished poem from THE CRITIC, 'un giornale letterario di Nuova York.' I have rarely been more astonished; and I thought of Riley as having really achieved fame, if, after the lapse of ten years, a well-established literary journal like the New York CRITIC is taken in, and 'Leonainie' going again the rounds in English dress as a genuine Poe, comes on a foreign voyage to the banks of the Tiber and to the lovely Bay of Naples, donning the Italian costume to the delight of our *litterati* here, who have had a course of lectures on 'Poey' (as they pronounce Poe) and have formed a special club for reading 'the wonderful poem of the "Raven,"' and other writings of Poe. The fact is, I may say *en passant*, that Edgar A. Poe is more often referred to in Italy than any other American poet.

What we object to, in this picturesquely-written paragraph, is the statement that THE CRITIC was 'taken in.' The New York *World* of June 15th echoed the allegation; and the Chicago *News* made the same charge, when it said that James Whitcomb Riley, the real author of the parody, had 'the quiet satisfaction of seeing "Leonainie" imposed on the most pretentious literary paper in the country.' And in the San Francisco *News-Letter* of June 5th, we find some verses, under the heading 'The Rejected MS.,' in which a contributor to the *News* of this city describes his futile efforts to secure the publication of a certain poem in these columns, until a friend, a poet of note, copied them out and sent them to the editors as his own. The reader may judge of the quality of the fictitious poem which needed the protection of a popular name, by the quality of the real one in which the poet records the success of his alleged ruse, the last stanza of the latter closing as follows:

Next week the poem that was 'rubbish'
When a name unknown did it head
Appeared in large type in THE CRITIC,
With a tribute of praise from the Ed.

Now we should like to know when and in what manner THE CRITIC endorsed the poem 'Leonainie.' It was printed in these columns on the 10th of April, in a letter from a correspondent who did not fully endorse the thing himself, but said it was 'almost conclusively' by Poe. Our own comment was contained in the headline which we placed above the letter—namely, 'Another Poem Claimed for Poe.' Was that an endorsement? On May 8th, The Lounger recorded Mr. Foote's purchase of the book which was said to contain the original manuscript of the poem. The writer said that Mr. Foote and Mr. Stedman believed the handwriting to be Poe's. He himself, though he had examined the manuscript, expressed no opinion on the subject; nor did the editors. In later issues we quoted from one or two Western papers an account of the circumstances under which 'the Hoosier poet's' parody of Poe was written and foisted upon the public. We have never committed ourselves by word or sign to an endorsement of 'Leonainie,' and are as much amused as any one else at the result of the publication of the poem in these columns. We should like very much to see how successful the Neapolitan translator has been in rendering Mr. Riley's parody in Italian.

Mr. Carnegie's Library Plans.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Current* writes from Pittsburg :— 'You say in your issue of May 29th that Andrew Carnegie has expressed himself as willing to give a quarter of a million of dollars to the Western Pennsylvania Historical Society to establish a free library, but will not give a farthing to endow such an institution, etc. So far as we know he never offered any sum to the Historical Society. The facts are these : Some years ago he made the offer of \$250,000 to the City of Pittsburg on condition that \$15,000 be raised yearly by taxation for its maintenance. The city could not accept the money on these conditions without additional legislation, its debt having reached the limit. Recently the secretary of the Historical wrote Mr. Carnegie whether he would be willing to have the contemplated library endowed, the answer to which brought out the reply to which you refer, intimating that under certain conditions he would double the amount, making the donation a half a million of dollars. At this stage of the proceeding the Councils of our sister city, Allegheny, took the matter up, and appointed a committee to ask Mr. Carnegie whether he would transfer the offer to their city. The matter rested here until a few days ago, when Mr. Carnegie addressed the following note to the committee :

PITTSBURG, PA., May 29, 1886.

Messrs. Fleming, Park, and Kennedy, Committee from Select and Common Councils, Allegheny, Pa.

GENTLEMEN : To summarize the result of our conference this morning, I state that I would esteem it a great privilege to be permitted to erect a fire-proof Free Public Library and Music Hall in the city which was my first American home, at a cost of not less than \$250,000. I understand that you agree with me that this amount will be quite sufficient for the wants of the community. Should Councils accept this, I will appoint three citizens of Allegheny to confer with you in regard to all matters pertaining to the construction of the building ; it being understood, however, that nothing should be done without your approval, so that through you, as the joint committee of the Councils of Allegheny, the city would have full control of the construction of the library until completed and handed over to it.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

This munificent gift does not invalidate the \$500,000 offered to Pittsburg, and we have no doubt steps will at once be taken to secure the proper legislation to enable the city to accept it.'

The Lounger

'THE MAIN LINE,' a purely American domestic drama, by Henry C. De Mille and Charles Barnard, will be produced at the Lyceum Theatre, under Mr. De Mille's direction, on Monday, Sept. 20th. The title of the play refers primarily to a railroad, and secondarily to the straight and narrow path from which the unwary are always in danger of being switched off on the branch road that leadeth to destruction. The hero will not be tied down upon the track, only to be rescued at the eleventh minute by the plucky heroine, Mr. Barnard assures me ; nor will an express-train dash madly across the stage at the rate of a mile in fifty seconds. There will be a collision ; but, if all goes well, it will occur behind the scenes—as every well-arranged collision should. The scene of the first act will be laid outside a railroad station ; the action of the second will occur on the other side ; and in the third act the characters will be discovered inside the building whose exterior has become familiar to the spectator's eye. The story is, I am told, both moral and pathetic. A motto, referring to the mental and moral growth of the heroine, has been chosen for it from 'In Memoriam :

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

FOR the enlightenment of those who think play-writing an easy matter, I should like to say that the 14,000 words of dialogue in 'The Main Line' are but the net outcome of 60,000 words in Mr. Barnard's and Mr. De Mille's handwriting, literally 'ground out' by those industrious gentlemen between the 5th of last November and the first of June. Four times was the original play entirely rewritten. And now for the next three months all their energies will be directed to the practical preparation of the piece for stage-representation. A no less onerous task has been the dramatization of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's story of 'Pauline,' for Mme. Modjeska. The following history of the evolution of the finished play (which is to be known as 'Tactics') is calculated to discourage the literary dilettante-accus-

tomed to regard dramatic work as a primrose path to fame and riches.

WHEN Mr. Hawthorne was living in Twickenham, near London, in 1878, his most intimate friend was William Dixon, the eldest son of Hepworth Dixon. He was a writer, and had produced a one-act comedy, which was successfully acted in London. He was familiar with the technical affairs of the stage, and had a wide acquaintance among the theatrical profession. It occurred to the friends to write a play together ; and Mr. Dixon went to Twickenham, and remained with Mr. Hawthorne six weeks, for that purpose. After it was written, the Englishman read it to an assemblage of his and the American's common friends in London, and it impressed them favorably. He afterwards read it to Miss Ellen Terry and her (then) husband, and negotiations were begun with a view to their producing it. But, at about that time, Mr. Dixon died suddenly ; and, as Mr. Hawthorne did not care to go on with the thing alone, nothing more was done about it. But in the following year he rewrote it in the form of a story, and it was published in *The Cornhill Magazine*.

DURING several years after that, he received from time to time letters from various persons, stating that they had discerned promising dramatic features in the story, and asking whether he would consent to its being transformed into a play. He did not care to have anything more to do with it just then ; but in 1882, when he returned to America, his brother-in-law, Mr. George P. Lathrop, showed the story to the manager of the Boston Museum, who read it, and said it would make a good play, if it could be successfully dramatized. Nothing was done, however, for two years more, when the Messrs. Mallory asked Mr. Hawthorne for a play, and he showed them the story. They objected to it as too immoral—for the Madison Square Theatre. Finally, last winter, the brothers-in-law agreed to put it in dramatic form together. Mr. Hawthorne sent it to Mr. Lathrop, and the latter wrote it out as a play, inserting a new character and episode. Mr. Hawthorne then came down to New York and rewrote it entirely, making few or no elemental changes, but polishing and strengthening the dialogue. The collaborators then worked over it together, and finally submitted it to a New York manager, who, together with other able critics whose opinion was sought, made several valuable suggestions, which were adopted. The play was offered to Madame Modjeska, who made further suggestions. Mr. Hawthorne then took the play home with him, and wrote out the amended version, which was afterwards revised by Mr. Lathrop, and accepted by Madame Modjeska. It will probably undergo further modifications during rehearsal. It has had, at different times, three titles.

ON HIS LIST of people whose disappearance would be a matter of universal congratulation, Mr. Gilbert might have put the statisticians who supply the press with such scraps of information as that the birth of the baby-King of Spain affords the third or fourth instance in European history of a child being born a king ; that he is the eleventh European sovereign who, in historical times, has been labelled with the 'questionable number' thirteen ; and that he has, as companions in this misfortune, 'an Emperor of Constantinople, a King of France, two Kings of Sweden, and six Popes of Rome.' We may expect to learn from the next batch of foreign papers that he is the seventh King of Spain born between the 1st of January and the first of June ; the second who opened his right eye before he opened his left ; and the very first who weighed just so many pounds and so many ounces when the grandees of the Kingdom first kissed his royal hand. Already there must be a bookful of such literature about Alfonso XIII.

MISS CLEVELAND replies thus modestly to my inquiries about her forthcoming story, 'The Long Run' :—As to the so-called novel being published by the Dickersons of Detroit, there is but little to be said. The utmost that can be said of it is, that it is a little summer story written several years ago, once in the hands of a publisher, but recalled when my duties in public life commenced. Since their termination I have given it to Mr. Dickerson. It should not be called a "novel." It is wholly unambitious of such a name. The *Philadelphia Press*, commenting upon some published extracts from the book, remarks that Miss Cleveland has avoided 'not only the triviality of the realistic and the coldness of the objective schools of fiction, but also that excess of local color and that perpetual play of light and shade which distinguish the work of the artist from that of the poet.

To convey an impression, which we take to be the artistic aim, it continues, 'is not hers; her object is to express emotion, which is that of the poet. She has, in truth, what has been called "the lyric cry."'

MR. H. D. TRAILL devotes an article in the May *Macmillan's* to a discussion of the International Copyright question. After refuting some of Mr. Hubbard's absurd propositions before the Senate Committee, he says:—'It is unnecessary, however, to spend any more time over the survival of a period when books, as Mr. Lowell humorously put it, were regarded "like umbrellas, as *fera natura*"—a *mot* to which I have no other objection to take than that in its form it is calculated to confirm the popular error that *fera* is a nominative plural instead of a genitive singular.' Far be it from a Lounger to take sides in the discussion of a point of Latin grammar. I only wish to remind Mr. Traill that, granting he is right, he is criticising an error in a report of which Mr. Lowell presumably did not see a proof; while in a quoted portion of his own article, of which he presumably did see the proof, Senator Hawley is twice called Hankey—an error more egregious than Mr. Lowell's (if Mr. Lowell has erred at all), since it not only spoils a manly name, but misleads the reader who has the misfortune to be ignorant of Connecticut's favorite son. A man named Hankey would have no chance whatever as a Presidential candidate.

SAID Gen. Logan at his recent oration at Grant's tomb:—'When Shakspeare wrote of Julius Cæsar, "He was the foremost man of all this world," Grant had not then lived.' This is true—as true as if it occurred in the Bible—as true as if Tupper had said it—so true that no one will ever dare to question or deny it. And the General might have added, with equal truth, that Washington was still unborn—and that he himself was not so much as dreamt of. Very few, indeed, of the famous names of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries were familiar to the poets of the Elizabethan age; but it was reserved for Gen. Logan to call the interesting fact to our attention.

J. C. T. WRITES from Cleveland, in reference to some lines from a correspondent printed in this column on May 29th:—'Like the "chamois dressé" of "Tartarin sur les Alpes," that fine specimen of the ghazel of Platen's has often been shot at without destroying any of the beauty of the original. The heart was aimed at, but English powder and ball (rhyme and reason) are not as effective as German, when one is ghazel hunting. Here is a random shot:

My heart now is broken, you love me not!
You gave me a token, you love me not!
Though oft I imploring and wooing appear
With devotion unspoken, you love me not!
You have told me my fate your conscience to clear
With words quickly spoken, you love me not!
I'll miss you as one, who moon or stars misses
In darkness unbroken, you love me not!
In vain blooms the jasmine, in vain the narcissus,
Or the roses' sweet token, you love me not!

The Fine Arts

Recent Issues in the Fine Art Library.*

THE latest issues in the Fine Art Library place before the public, in an English dress, three admirable French works, each an authority in its way. In the first (1) trustworthy information is picturesquely presented. This history of tapestry reads like an epic of domestic decoration. The romantic side of the classic art of needlework is given its full value, while the amateur, the collector and the practical worker, with their several habits of thought, will find much to assimilate. For the general reader, the purely historic and artistic phases of the subject present the greater interest. The rise of the art of tapestry-making among the early civilized nations, its progress among the Greeks and Romans, its flourishing condition under Byzantine rule, its mediæval conditions and its development in Europe from the Twelfth Century down to the Eighteenth, are traced in a concise and interesting manner. The arrangement of the chapters is ex-

cellent, and the reader closes the book with the feeling that what he has learned from it has formalized itself properly in his mind. The chapter on the technique of tapestry is valuable to modern students and workers. In contemporary parlance, the term tapestry is properly applied only to fabrics that have the design woven into them. Where the design is worked on the ground, the fabrics come under the head of embroidery. The Bayeux Tapestry is, strictly speaking, embroidery. There are two kinds of tapestries, high-warp and low-warp. At the most celebrated modern tapestry establishment, the Gobelins, the method in use is the high-warp. At Beauvais and Aubusson, the low-warp is exclusively employed. The difference between the two methods is one of cost and workmanship rather than effect. The high-warp is considered the superior process. M. Müntz offers some critical and discriminating remarks on the subject of certain of the celebrated tapestries which are generally regarded as classic models. A valuable feature of the book is the appendix of marks for the use of collectors, now brought together for the first time. The illustrations are many and characteristic.

M. Chesneau writes of art and artists like an American Philistine (2). He treats his subject from a literary point of view. What person is more irritating to the nerves of the modern artist than the literary art-critic? The contemporary tendency toward art for art's sake is violently opposed by this author. He has all the prejudices of the academic school. He laments the ignorance and illiteracy of artists in general, and of French artists in particular. The idea of his book is the necessity for bringing artists and the public into closer and more sympathetic relations. This end he hopes to achieve by raising the standard of general education among professional artists, and increasing the special art-education of the young, in public and private systems of instruction. The latter clause of M. Chesneau's 'programme' is worthy of all praise. But the proposal to educate the individual artist to the level of the average well-informed citizen may be thought to savor slightly of unconscious sarcasm. It is quite true that artists as a class are not book-men or scholars; but every mind assimilates whatever is most closely related to itself, and artists have this faculty of assimilation in a highly developed state. Very dry reading is the third book on our list (3), but it bears the marks of trustworthiness and historical research. It treats of Greek architecture and sculpture and painting, and brings the light of recent discovery to bear on disputed or doubtful aspects of all three departments. The different historical periods of Greek art are handled as exhaustively as space permits. The eras of Phidias and Praxiteles receive special attention. The book would have gained in coherency by a different system of classification of facts. As it is, a confusion of impressions is produced in the reader's mind, and he is forced to accept names instead of ideas. The chapter on the terracotta figurines of Tanagra is one of the most interesting in the book, and may be read with pleasure by all who feel the layman's sympathy with Greek art. The chapters on painted vases are really valuable. Little, if anything, exists in popular art-literature on this important subject, and a great many erroneous ideas prevail as to the origin and classification of the many examples of early ceramic art found in Greece and Italy. The term 'Etruscan vase' has now fallen into disuse, as the common Hellenic origin of the ceramic system of ancient Greece and ancient Etruria is now acknowledged by the best authorities. The illustrations are useful as memoranda.

Art Notes

A MEMORIAL to the late Dr. Henry W. Bellows has been placed in All Souls' Church, at Fourth Avenue and Twentieth St. It is a high relief, in bronze, by Augustus St. Gaudens. It is nine feet in height, half an inch in thickness, and four feet in width. The relief shows the figure of this eminent Unitarian thinker and preacher standing on a platform in an attitude which illustrates not only his calling as a spiritual teacher, but his personal and

* 1. A Short History of Tapestry. By Eugène Müntz. Tr. by Louisa J. Davis.
2. The Education of the Artist. By Ernest Chesneau. Tr. by Clara Bell.
3. A Manual of Greek Archaeology. By Maxime Collignon. Tr. by John Henry Wright.
83. each. (The Fine Art Library.) New York: Cassell & Co.

intellectual leadership. Mr. St. Gaudens has been very successful in preserving the striking individuality of the subject, while treating it in the impersonal, ideal manner that belongs to portrait-sculpture in its best phases. The relief is framed in colored marble. The inscriptions on the bronze, in bronze letters, at top and bottom, are 'Henry Whitney Bellows, born in Boston June 11, 1814; died in New York Jan. 30, 1881. Forty-three years minister of this Church, to which he gave the name All Souls. President of the United States Sanitary Commission, 1861-1878.' Inscriptions are also placed at the top and bottom of the marble frame. The work is highly creditable to Mr. St. Gaudens.

—Édouard Rouveyre, 45 Rue Jacob, Paris, announces a new work, by Octave Uzanne, editor of *Le Livre*, on modern binding —'La Reliure Moderne: Artistique et Fantaisiste.' It will be handsomely printed on a special 'lot' of tinted vellum, and illustrated with one hundred plates, some of which will be colored. The Paris price of the regular edition will be 25 francs. Of a special edition, on Japan paper, only 100 copies will be printed in any case; and if the subscription does not warrant the publication of even that number, the edition will be still smaller. These copies will cost 80 francs apiece.

—Jacob Wrey Mould, the architect, died this week, at the age of sixty-one. He was a pupil of Owen Jones, with whom he spent two years at the Alhambra. About thirty years ago, when All Soul's Church in this city was being rebuilt, Moses Grinnell, who was in England at that time, induced Mr. Mould to come to New York and draw the plans for the new edifice. Much of the detail work—bridges, etc.—in Central Park are from his designs. He was also a good amateur musician, and had long been one of the most familiar figures in the audiences at musical performances in this city.

—Steps are being taken toward the erection of a memorial of the distinguished architect, Mr. H. H. Richardson. Intending subscribers should communicate with Mr. W. G. Preston, 186 Devonshire Street, Boston.

—The House Committee on Foreign Affairs has agreed to Mr. Perry Belmont's resolution which directs such an appropriation for the induguration of the Bartholdi statue on the 3d of September next as shall accord with the dignity of the country.

Woodcraft.

[Edith M. Thomas, in *The Brooklyn Magazine*.]

HE makes his way, with speed and ease,
Through woods that show the noonday star;
The moss-grown trunks of oldest trees
His lettered guide-boards are.

The tameless bee he follows home;
He marks in air the path it beats,
The hollow oak that holds the comb,
With all its trickling sweets.

The gnarly vine no vintner binds,
To him swings down its purple hoard;
The shade-embosomed spring he finds,
His drinking-cup a gourd.

Lacks he a roof?—the withe he bends,
The bough he pleaches overhead;
A couch?—the fallen leafage lends
A soft and fragrant bed.

Lacks he a fire?—the kindling spark
He bids the charfed wood reveal;
Lacks he a boat?—of birchen bark
He frames a lightsome keel.

And that he may not savage be,
He carves a flute whose yearning tones,
Upon a summer eve set free,
Wake love in clods and stones.

A Ruined Library.

[Temple Bar.]

'IMPERIOUS Caesar dead and turn'd to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.'
Here the live thought of buried Caesar's brain
Has served a lazy slut to lay the train
That lights a dunce's fire. Here Homer's seen
All torn or crumpled in the pettish spleen

Of a spoilt urchin. Here a leaf from Glanvil
Is left to mark a place in 'On the Anvil.'
And here a heavy-blotted Shakspeare's page
Holds up an inky mirror to the age.
Here looking round you're but too sure to see a
Heart-breaking wreck from the 'Via Jacobæa';
Here some rare pamphlet, long a-missing, lurks
In an odd volume of 'Lord Bacon's Works';
Here may you find a Stillingfleet or Blair
Usurp the binding of a lost Voltaire;
And here a tattered Boyle doth gape ungently
Upon a damp-disfigured 'Life of Bentley.'
Here half a Rabelais jostles for position
The quarter of a 'Spanish Inquisition';
Here Young's 'Night Thoughts' lie mixed with Swinburne's
Ballads
'Mid scraps of works on Poisons and on Salads;
And here a torn but gilt-edged Sterne doth lack a ray
Of sun that falls upon a bulging Thackeray;
Here—but the tale's too long, too sad, to tell
How a book-heaven's been turned to a book-hell.

W. H. POLLOCK.

Current Criticism

CULTIVATING LITERATURE ON OAT-MEAL.—Where were the great wealthy magazines, *The Century* and *Harper's*, and the rest, when Poe was writing the 'Cask of Amontillado,' and Hawthorne was busy with 'The House of the Seven Gables'? There was no patronage then, nothing worth naming could be made in the profession of literature. Poe once received a pair of boots in payment for a poem. Probably he did not get as much as three guineas for 'The Raven.' His short stories were paid for at Grub Street prices for hack work. If he were living now, and would shun the bowl and old Bourbon, he might be as rich as—well, as several other modern American authors. He might cover all his chairs with 'violet velvet lining,' and buy the Domain of Arnheim, and furnish his drawing-room according to his deplorable ideal of upholstery. Hawthorne, a greater even than Poe, found that his really unrivalled novels brought him but a modest income. Mr. Longfellow, happily, had a professorship and a fortune of his own. Yet, so poorly paid, so ill-equipped with wealth, these men, in a smaller, poorer, less eager America than that of to-day, excelled their comfortable successors. Dr. Holmes was of that great and simple generation. Mr. Lowell was one of its later recruits, like Banville among the men of 1830.—*The Daily News, London.*

A FALSE RETORT.—Our own is the only civilized country in which the right of literary property is practically denied. We are fond of excusing ourselves by the plea that our authors are no better treated in England than English authors are treated here. Our books are pirated in London whenever they are popular enough to make that process pay; and so we imagine that we can retort upon the old country. 'If our hands are foul, yours are no cleaner.' This is not true. 'No matter what stealing is going on on either side of the ocean, we alone are responsible. . . . England has done all in her power to stop it, and only asks our coöperation.' Her laws already grant copyright in Great Britain to the authors of all countries whose laws make parallel provision for the rights of English authors; whenever we adopt the principle of other enlightened nations, that an author has a right to his own the world over, the whole difficulty, as between us and Great Britain, will disappear without further legislation on her part. Civilization waits for America to make the next move.—*The New York Tribune.*

CAPTAIN GREELY HONORED ABROAD.—The President [of the Royal Geographical Society]—the Marquis of Lorne—said he considered himself most fortunate in that it was his duty to present to Mr. Phelps, as the representative of America and of his distinguished countryman, Major Greely, the Queen's medal for this year. It was the sixth occasion on which a president of that society had greeted the achievements of a citizen of the United States with that honor. In the year 1855 it was accorded to Dr. Kane, who had charge of the expedition generously fitted out by the Republic to search for Sir John Franklin. Dr. Kane's journeys and discoveries and the theories he formed had ever since proved among the strongest incentives to further Arctic exploration. Again, in the year 1867 Sir Roderick Murchison, then occupying that chair, was able to place in the hands of the American Minister the gold medal given to another of his countrymen

—namely, Dr. Hayes, who had reached a more northern point of land than any before attained. Dr. Hayes had himself been the companion of Kane, and was the discoverer of that very land named after Henry Grinnell, of New York, which had been the scene of the explorations of Major Greely. And now that they had been able to welcome back from the very gates of death the heroic officer who lately gave them an account of his work, they felt that they could give the medal to no one who had more thoroughly illustrated the precept of the services of America and Britain to place duty above every earthly consideration.—*The Times, London.*

'A VOLUME FOR SUMMER-HAVENS.'—Of American volumes by new poets, not relying mainly on local coloring for their value, we may especially mention three, all suggestive of hope, though not as yet giving absolute performance. . . . Maturer than either of these [two], although still a first volume, is the pretty little book called modestly 'Summer Haven Songs,' by James Herbert Morse (Putnams). Those who have heretofore known Mr. Morse only as a scholar or a prose critic, will be delighted at the self-control that has kept back his poetic work until it has taken a form so pleasing and thoughtful. The book is the reverse of sensational: those who look in it for turgid, meretricious verses of the 'I am dying, Egypt, dying' type, will be wofully disappointed; but it is a volume for summer havens, as the name indicates—for those who will take it into the country and read it over and over, letting its quiet thoughtfulness sink into their minds, until it becomes a part of their actual summer life. How exquisitely touched, for instance, is this little picture:

There is a scene deep graven on my mind,
Once tinted with rare colors now half-gone:
On a fair bay, a boat; a merry wind,
Invisible, that thrust it gayly on.
Along the crimson cushions at the stern
Are boys and merry girls with tell-tale eyes,
With speaking, rosy cheeks that seem to burn,
And lips half-open, framing sweet replies.
Upon the bows two silent figures stand,
One with a kerchief waving a good-by;
For this she could not spare her little hand,
Were not that other form so dearly nigh.
How dull the painter that expressed so much,
Yet lost the thrilling sense of that sweet touch!

—*The New York Evening Post,*

LONGFELLOW'S POPULARITY.—No American poet ever made such a reputation by a first volume as Longfellow by 'Voices of the Night,' and no American poet, not even Longfellow himself, if he could once more be among us and in his young manhood, could make such a reputation with such a volume now. To say this is not to underrate the talents of Longfellow—or is not meant to underrate them—it is merely to say that the literary conditions are not now what they were when he published 'Voices of the Night.' The influence of Tennyson and Browning, which was not appreciable then, and the later influence of Swinburne, Morris, and Rossetti, which is in the ascendant now, have changed the whole current of English and American song, which no longer meanders in the pleasant places of didacticism. Poetry has changed, and criticism has changed with it. It was not the fashion to criticize Longfellow, except admiringly, and if he ever learned the faults of his early work it was by virtue of whatever critical insight he possessed. Severe criticism, such as flowed from the pens of Margaret Fuller and Edgar Allan Poe, was resented by his friends, and was probably distasteful to him, as we believe it is to most poets.—*The Independent.*

Notes

MR. GRANT ALLEN is spending the summer at Kingston, Ontario, his native place, where, with his wife and son, he is visiting his father, the Rev. I. A. Allen. He goes this week to Boston and the White Mountains.

—Dr. Edward Eggleston has returned to the United States in improved health, and burdened with a store of materials for his *Century* papers on American colonial history, accumulated during the past few years in the alcoves of the British Museum.

—*The Pall Mall Gazette* hears that Mr. William Black has set out in search of fresh adventures, accompanied by a well-known artist. 'This time the novelist leaves the road for the river, and the sea for the canal. He has embarked on a boat specially constructed to pass easily through the locks. The novelist and the artist will live on board, writing and sketching. The bold

mariners traverse the still bosom of the Thames as far as Kingston, when they turn off to the western counties, and pass from the canals to the Severn. That was the programme. May the kind Providence which looks after the life of poor Jack—Black—preserve the boat! The Thames has been swept by many a gale since the expedition left, and bad weather may certainly be expected in the treacherous waters of the canal, to say nothing of the dangerous proximity of numerous banks. However, the artist can keep the lead going.'

—Justin McCarthy will, it is said, start on a lecturing tour in the United States in September.

—W. H. T. writes from Cambridge, Mass.:—'May I add my mite to the discussion of *whopper-jaw*? I never saw the word until I met it in Mr. Howells's story, nor did it then suggest to me a word I have often heard and used. As a boy I lived in New Bedford, and spent much time in the adjoining town of Dartmouth, where I was familiar with the expression *whopper-jawed* (as I should have then written it) applied to anything deformed or awry.'

—Mr. Carnegie's 'American Four-in-Hand in Britain' has reappeared from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, this time in a cheap edition bound in paper covers.

—Among the passengers from Liverpool last Saturday on the White Star steamer *Germanic* was Professor Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer. He has since gone to St. Joseph, Mo. To a *Tribune* reporter he said:—'I have come over to America to live, you know, if I can stand the dry climate. Last year I found the sweltering heat, especially after the summer showers, almost unendurable. I have a tendency to gout and am obliged to keep drinking light drinks constantly, but I think on the whole I shall get along in Missouri. I want to get a little leisure to write a systematic work on astronomy, giving the results of all my past study. I shall also lecture a little next winter in the Middle States and perhaps in the South.'

—Porter & Coates will publish about July 1st: 'Joe Wayring at Home; or, the Story of a Fly-Rod,' by Harry Castlemon; 'Helping Himself; or, Grant Thornton's Ambition,' by Horatio Alger, Jr.; 'Footprints in the Forest,' by Edward S. Ellis; 'Ways and Means,' by Margaret Vandegrift; and 'Holidays at the Grange; or, A Week's Delight,' by Emily Mayer Higgins.

—President Barnard writes:—'The paragraph in THE CRITIC [June 12th] as to degrees for women from Columbia College is correct, with the exception of the word "accordingly." This seems to convey the impression that Miss Edgerton received her degree as a consequence of the legislation previously described. But this is not true at all. Miss Edgerton has not been a student under the resolutions referred to, which resolutions apply only to undergraduates. She has been a student of the Graduate Department, and has been regularly matriculated, and admitted to attend exercises with the other graduate students. The reasons for the exception in her favor were such as are not likely to be presented in any future case, and her admission was accompanied by a distinct declaration that the case was not to be drawn into precedent. In the words of Dr. Dix, it was to be treated as an *instantia singularis*, and would have occurred if there had been no notion as to undergraduate women. It was in the same spirit that, on Miss Edgerton's graduation, the superiority of her work caused her to be honored with a degree *cum laude*. I think we are all proud of this graduate.'

—An authenticated Schiller relic—a gold ring containing a lock of the poet's hair, whose genuineness is attested to by Schiller's daughter—was sold in Berlin recently for 11*l.* 10*s.*

—Mrs. A. W. Rollins has written for *Harper's Monthly* a paper describing a camping-out trip through Yellowstone Park. The article is based upon her own experience of last summer, but has been so arranged as to serve as a guide to all tourists through the Park. It will be called 'The Three Tetons.'

—David Van Nostrand, the well-known publisher of military and scientific books and importer of foreign works, died last Monday. He had been unable to attend to his business for a year past, his health having begun to fail four or five years ago. Mr. Van Nostrand was born in this city in December, 1811. In 1826 he entered the book-store of John P. Haven, and remained there eight years. He then associated himself with William B. Dwight. The partnership was dissolved three years later, and Mr. Van Nostrand was employed for some time by Gen. J. G. Barnard, then directing the construction of the fortifications at New Orleans. Afterwards he opened a store at Broadway and John Street, opposite to that in which he had been first employed. His place soon became the resort of military and scientific men. In 1869 he removed his business to its present location in Murray

Street. Mr. Van Nostrand had been an active member of the Union League Club since its organization and was also a member of the Century and St. Nicholas Clubs.

—*The Independent* says of Mr. Krehbiel's handsome volume reviewing the past musical season in this city, that it 'is not merely musical literature, but literature; and that it cannot but advance decisively its author's reputation both in this country and among musicians and writers across the Atlantic.

—Mr. James R. Osgood, the representative of Harper & Bros., was entertained at dinner on the evening of the 7th inst., at the Continental Hotel, London, by Mr. E. A. Abbey, the artist. Covers were laid for fifty, and the list of guests included Alma Tadema, George H. Boughton, Sir James D. Linton, Frederick Barnard, Alfred Parsons, Charles Keene, of *Punch*; T. Anstey Guthrie, Linley Sambourne, of *Punch*; F. D. Millet, J. R. Robinson, editor of *The Daily News*; Edmund Gosse, T. Humphrey Ward, of *The Times*; J. W. Comyns Carr, editor of *Macmillan's*; Brander Matthews, F. C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*; Austin Dobson, Edmund Yates, editor of *The World*; Thomas Hardy, William Black, W. Herries Pollock, editor of *The Saturday Review*; E. Ray Lankester, Bret Harte, Cosmo Monkhouse, Harry Furniss, J. A. McN. Whistler, Walter Besant, Andrew Lang, Norman Lockyer, G. du Maurier, of *Punch*; Henry White, and J. S. Sargent.

—*The Current*, of Chicago, says of its excellent Easter number: 'This issue is, without doubt, one of the greatest Literary Accomplishments ever executed.'

—Last Saturday, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published 'The Man who was Guilty,' a story of San Francisco, by Flora Haines Loughead; the second and concluding volume of 'The Diary and Letters of Thomas Hutchinson, Esq.,' edited by his grandson, P. O. Hutchinson; 'The Synthetic Philosophy of Expression,' by Moses True Brown; a new edition of 'Boston Illustrated,' revised by Edwin M. Bacon; a new edition of 'English Constitutional History,' by T. P. Taswell-Langmead; and 'The Reporter Digest,' prepared by Howard Ellis, editor of *The Reporter*. On the 5th inst. they published 'A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life,' by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

—Dieudonné Alexandre Paul Boiteau, whose *nom de plume* was Boiteau d'Ambly, is dead. He was born in Paris in 1829. Among his works are 'The Adventures of Baron Trenck,' 'Errors of the Critics of Béranger,' and 'The State of France before 1789.' He edited the posthumous works of Béranger.

'Modern Languages in Education' is the title of a discussion of the Ancient-Modern Language question by Prof. George F. Comfort, of Syracuse University. While we cannot agree with the assertion (p. 30) that 'in the summation of their grammatical elements and linguistic features, French and German are fully equal to Latin and Greek,' the essay is a sensible plea for the intelligent study of the modern languages.

—Mr. D. R. Randall writes No. VI. of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science—'A Puritan Colony in Maryland.'

—The date of his birth having been called in question recently, Mr. Whittier wrote:—'I cannot say positively from my personal knowledge when I was born, but my mother told me it was on the 17th of December, 1807, and she was a very truthful woman.'

—Last Sunday's *World* contained the following cablegram from London:—'It is long since any foreign visitor has been lionized to such an extent as Dr. Holmes. Here is a list, doubtless incomplete, of his social movements: On Tuesday he lunched with Mrs. Peel, wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and visited the Houses of Parliament in charge of the Speaker; had tea at Lady Derby's, then a reception at the Gosses'. Wednesday he visited Sutherland House, of which the Queen once said to the Duchess of Sutherland on visiting her: "I have left my house to come to your palace." lunched with Mrs. Ellicott to meet Browning, and dined with James Bryce, the Foreign Under-Secretary. On Thursday, with Mrs. Sargent, he received their friends at Dr. Priestley's house in Hertford Street, and on Friday met a number of bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries at Mr. Cyril Flower's. He received an ovation in the evening at the Princess Louise's garden-party at Kensington Palace, and dined with Canon Farrar. Saturday Dr. Allchin gave him a dinner to meet a number of ornaments of the medical profession. Sunday he dined with the Rabelais Club; Tuesday with Mr. Lowell; Wednesday, Sir Henry Thompson gave him one of his famous octavo dinners, where among others he met John Morley. Thursday he went to the Isle of Wight to meet Tennyson. He has next to receive the honorary degree of LL.D., which Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh have simultaneously

conferred upon him. At Oxford he will be the guest of Dr. Jowett. July and August are to be devoted to a tour of France, Italy and Germany. If he is delivered safely from his friends he hopes to return to Boston in September.'

—The Spelling Reform Association—with which one may sympathize in the abstract without being able to accept all its concrete results—puts forth its twenty-first Bulletin (32 Hawley Street, Boston). The eleventh annual meeting of the Association takes place at Cornell University in the second week of July. The eighteenth annual session of the American Philological Association will be held at Ithaca, N. Y., beginning Tuesday, July 13th, in the Botanical Lecture Room of Sage College, Cornell University.

—Mr. Rathbun, the teacher of music at Hampton Institute, said recently, in reply to the question, 'Are Indians reasonably apt at music?'—'I think they are remarkably apt. They make fully as rapid progress on the parlor organ as my white pupils; and among the large number that I have taught, I have found only two or three who could not learn to play. There are several who have an excellent touch. Angel, who has been taking lessons about a year, can play through the usual Church service. The Indians are more docile in learning to sing by note than the colored students. The Negroes will persist in singing by ear, while the Indians are bent on understanding every step, and will not leave it till they do understand it.'

—Mrs. Erminnie A. Smith, who died on the 9th inst., of paralysis of the heart, was born near Marcellus, N. Y., in 1839, and was educated at Willard's Troy Seminary, being one of the students of Dr. Arthur, father of ex-President Arthur. She married ex-Finance Commissioner Simon H. Smith, of Jersey City, and in 1876 organized the Jersey City Aesthetic Society for the study of music, literature and the sciences. The Society gave receptions which were very well attended. Within the past five years many noted literary persons, including Mme. Henry Gréville and Mr. Matthew Arnold, have been its guests. Mrs. Smith was a member of Sorosis, of the Historical Society of New York and of the London Scientific Society, and was the first lady member of the Academy of Science and the National Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1880 the managers of the Smithsonian Institution selected her to investigate the folk-lore of the Iroquois Indians. To acquire the knowledge sought she joined the Tuscarora tribe, and was christened Beautiful Flower. She at once began to study the language, and became skilled in it; and at the time of her death was engaged in preparing a dictionary of various Indian languages with the aid of her secretary, a native Iroquois. At the Pedestal Fund Art Loan Exhibition, held in this city a few years ago, the beautiful dress she wore when she was christened a Tuscarora was exhibited. It was the work of Indian hands.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

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| Adams, O. F. June. \$1.00 | Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. |
| Bacon, E. M. A Dictionary of Boston. 50c | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Badeau, A. Aristocracy in England. \$1.50 | Harper & Bros. |
| Baring, Gould, S. The Story of Germany. \$1.50 | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Bonney, C. L. Wisdom and Eloquence of Daniel Webster. 75c | J. B. Alden. |
| Boyesen, H. H. The Story of Norway. \$1.50 | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Carnegie, A. An American Four-in-Hand in Britain. 50c | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Collins, J. C. Bolingbroke; a Historical Study and Voltaire in England. Harper & Bros. | |
| Hale, W. Shore Life in Song. Biddeford, Me: Journal Office. | |
| Harris, A. B. Old School-Days. 60c | Chicago: Interstate Pub'g Co. |
| Hinsdale, B. A. Cleveland Public Schools. Cleveland, O. | |
| Hinton, J. The Mystery of Pain. \$1.00 | Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. |
| Hollis, E. B. Cecil's Cousins. \$1.25 | T. Y. Crowell & Co. |
| Kedzie, J. H. Solar Heat, etc. \$1.50 | Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. |
| Kennedy, W. S. Art: a Ruskin Anthology. 25c | J. B. Alden. |
| Le Row, C. B. Practical Recitations. 50c | Clark & Maynard. |
| Lillie, L. C. Rolf House. Harper & Bros. | |
| Lodge, H. C. Ed. The Works of Alex. Hamilton. Vol. 7. \$5.00 | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Loughead, F. H. The Man who was Guilty. 50c | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Macfarlane, A. R. Children of the Earth. \$1.00 | H. Holt & Co. |
| Messenger, L. R. The Vision of Gold. \$1.25 | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Miller, Rev. J. R. Silent Times. \$1.25 | Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. |
| Minto, W. The Crack of Doom. 50c | Harper & Bros. |
| Princeton Review, The New. Vol. 1. Jan., Mch., May, 1886. \$3.50 | |
| Rankin, J. E. Romano More; or, Ye Old Pilgrims to Ye New. 6c | J. B. Alden. |
| Rice, A. T. Ed. Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. North American Pub'g Co. | |
| Schiller's Ausgewählte Briefe. Ed. by F. Buchheim. \$1.00 | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Sheldon, Mary D. Studies in General History. 50c | Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. |
| Tchernishevsky, N. G. A Vital Question. Tr. by N. H. Dole and S. S. Skidelsky. \$1.25 | T. Y. Crowell & Co. |
| Tchernishevsky, N. G. What's to be Done? Tr. by B. R. Tucker. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker. | |
| Wilson, J. M., and Fowler, T. Principles of Morals. 50c | Oxford: Clarendon Press. |
| Winter, J. S. Pluck. 50c | Harper & Bros. |

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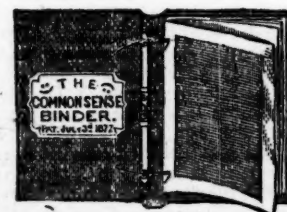
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